Tom in the *Suds*;

OR, THE

Humours of *Newgate*:

A NEW

Hib. 8. 737. 7

POEM.

In four CANTO's

Moſt humbly Dedicated to the Members of the Honourable Houſe of Commons;

By the AUTHOR of the *Humours* of the *Black-Dog*.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus! Et eſt mihi ſæpe Vocandus
In Partes, Monſtrum nulla Virtute redemptum
A Vitiis. Juv. Sat.

Dublin: Printed and ſold in the *Four-Courts Marſhalſea*, MDCCXXXVII.

A LETTER to a certain Jailer, from the Auther previous to his publiſhing the Humours of *Newgate*, inſerted here by Way of Preface to the following Work.

TOM, *Dublin, October* 3. 1737.

BEFORE I advertiſed the publiſhing the ſecond Part of the Humours *of the* Black-Dog, *I was apprehenſive of your having Notice thereof: I wrote that Paper for the public Good, and therefore it was favour'd with a general Approbation; and my Deſire to ſerve the Public ſtill continues. I never felt any of your Abuſes, but to my Knowledge many others have, It is not for popular Applauſe I purſue this Subject; for that Verſe, which will moſt emphatically deſcribe and diverſify your Character, muſt fall ſhort even of my own Ideas of Poetry: But my ultimate View in thus expoſing your ſiniſter, unjuſtifiable Practices is to induce Perſons in Power to inſpect candidly, regularly and impartially into the Management, not only of you but all Jailers in general, by whom the Public is ſo notoriouſly abuſed: So that you can reckon me no more your Enemy than a Patient can a Phyſician when he preſcribes deſperate Remedies for deſperate Diſeaſes.*

I apprehend, the Deſign of giving an Authority to Jailers (who are a Herd of Tygers *removed almoſt from a Poſſibility of uſing it right) over their unruly Priſoners was introduc'd only as a neceſſary Evil to prevent greater Evils, and to preſerve an Oeconomy among them: But when the Perſons thus inveſted turn their Authority into Cruelty and barbarous Oppreſſion, and in purſuance to ſuch unmanly Purpoſes, invent Puniſhmeats and Tortures that never ſo much as glanc'd upon the Thoughts of the Legiſlatuve, to wreck their Priſoners if out of Caſh, deſerve to be us'd as* Perrillus *was by* Achilles, *that is, to have ſuch* Puniſhments *inverted upon themſelves. This is one great Blot in your Eſcutcheon, and is accompanied with a Legion of others.*

A generous Diſcharge of your Duties, either to God or Man, your bluſtering Spirit will not ſubmit to. Ambition and Avarice have taken all the Faculties of your Mind and Body into their Service and Subjection. The City can ex-

pect

pect but little from such a Person, But pray, Tom *what is the Foundation of all this Counterfeit Grandeur? Oppression, Fraud, Extortion, Connivance with Villainy, Subornation and such like. Are you Ambitious to outrival* H———s *in his slavish, mangled Character? I wish you Joy of your present Opportunity* * *to converse and compare Notes with so honourable a Predecessor. I suppose his Friendly Discoveries, Advice, &c. will protect his Shanks from rattling Darbies.*

Take Care of || Thady Foy *your old Comrade.*

No Part of a Jailer's Dress sits better upon him than Humanity. This amiable Quality would suppress all Mutinies among his unhappy Lodgers, and engage their Endeavours to establish every regular Purpose to oblige him: But the Usage you give your miserable Tenants compels the Public to cry out against you Monster, Monster! *Wherefore, as by placing a Picture in a good Light we make it appear with unusual Elegance and more exalted Beauties, So* Tom, *do I intend to place every Line and Feature of your Heart and Spirit in its proper Light, and not to suffer the least Shade to intercept its Lustre.*

I now give you Notice of my being desired by several Persons of Distinction, and intreated by the Public to pursue your Character even to the G—s. I have laid my Scheme for receiving the nicest Information about your Extortions, Impositions and Villainous Practices. I have learn'd the Management of M—h—l, Mac. D—l, R—s, P—g K—y and her Son; your Bribes, Christmass-Boxes and retaining Fees to Constables, Sub-Constables, Bailiffs, Bumms, Demi-Bumms Spies, Pandars, Pimps, Setters and Watchmen. Your Cellar Window, your Pidgeon House and Appartments of all Kinds have not escaped my Information, cum multis aliis.

Know therefore all Men by these Presents, That I, to oblige the Town in Obedience to a general Request am preparing for the Press, a POEM thus entitled, Tom in the Suds; or, The Humours of Newgate; *containing a*

* On the 13th of last Month *H———s* and his Wife were committed to *Newgate* for Murther.

|| One of the *Donore* Liberty Boys (commonly call'd Buffers) now in *Newgate*.

full Account of the Management of the Houſe in every particular, to be continued during the Seſſion of Parliament. I am thus determined to ſerve the Public and will begin to publiſh next Week. If you incline to anſwer, you know where to direct. I will do your Letters Juſtice, with reſpect to the Diction, Spelling and Pointing.

WHEN you receive this Letter, ſhew it
To your † nonſenſical, dull Poet;
Who never would attempt to write,
Unleſs in Terror of your Spite.
Who'd better learn to ſpell before
He dare in Verſe to Scribble more:
For ſure, hir'd by the worſt of Maſters,
He's damn'd above all Poetaſters.
Send for the ſmirking Widow too,
Who ſhan't eſcape without her due:
Bid her read § *Madam Prim*, and then
Tell her 'twas ſhe inſpir'd my Pen.
Your *Peg* and ſhe are finly met
For Vanity and want of Wit;
And ſo ſome other Things beſide
Or elſe they're damnably beli'd.
Tom, if you apprehend that I
Too much expoſe your Villainy,
Bring * *Dan* to prove it to the Seſſion;
They'll take your Underling's Confeſſion:
Beſides it is too public known—
Through all the City up and down,
There's not an Alley, Street or Lane
But ſomewhat more or leſs complain
Of your abuſive Impoſition,
Your ſcurvy Pride —— ill ſet Ambition,
The juggling Shifts and crafty Turns,
With which your greedy Stomach burns.

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† *One of his Priſoners in the* Black-Dog *whom he employ'd to write againſt me; but ſo unfortunate in the Turn of his Genius that Way that no one would print his Nonſenſe.*

N. B. I have his Manuſcript § *A Satire lately publiſh'd.*

* *Deputy Newgate Keeper and Head Drawer.*

How

Tom in the *Suds*;

OR, THE

Humours of *Newgate*:

A new POEM, &c.

CANTO the FIRST,

CONTAINING

First, The Deſign of Satire. Secondly, The firſt Occaſion of Jails. Thirdly, The Author's Intention in purſuing this Subject. And, Fourthly, The Behaviour of *Tom* and his Wife, on the Publiſhing the Second Part of the *Humours* of the *Black Dog*

To ſhew the Public Newgate's *Laws,*
The Author takes in Hand their Cauſe.
If by the Work he nothing Gains
He has his Labour for his Pains;
But, if it anſwers his Intent,
He'll think his Time to purpoſe Spent.

SPEAK Satire, for by thee alone
The Vices of the Age are ſhewn:
Thy pointed Lines with *Sterling* wit
Blockheads and Villains only hit;
Whom, when by thee expos'd, the Wiſe
Gravely condemn, abhor, diſpiſe—.

By

By thee alone at large we're told
In Characters diſcreet and bold
How little Rogues are kept in awe
By the Severity of Law;
And how the great Ones march in State
And all this Earth in Triumph cheat.

When Honeſty the World forſook,
Deceit and Fraud her Station took;
And all the Juſtice that was left
Gave way to Knavery and Theft:
Then Jails and Jailers came in Faſhion,
And overſpread each plunder'd Nation:
Then Bums and Bailiffs (Spawn of Devils)
Were reckon'd neceſſary Evils.
But he who prov'd the damn'deſt Rogue
Was ſtill the Setter moſt in Vogue.
A Thief we hence may underſtand
To catch a Thief's the fitteſt Hand.

Our City Jailer's Management,
Extortion, Tricks and heavy Rent;
His Riſe and Progreſs in the World
And how into this Office hurl'd;
I have in Part † already ſhewn:
And now, to pleaſe and ſerve the Town,
I do intend to tell his Practice
In ev'ry Thing that Matt'r of Fact is.
Know all Men by theſe Preſents I
His pert Reſentment ſtill defy.

I fain would have it underſtood
I write to ſerve a common Good;
Firſt to appriſe the Parliament
And then the Public to acquaint

How

† In the ſecond Part of the HUMOURS of the *Black-Dog*.

How caſhleſs Pris'ners are abus'd
And all Conveniences refus'd;
With Inſolence and Noiſe how plagued.
With Bolts or ſomething worſe fatigued;
How curſt and ſwore at, how affronted
(And all for Caſh— becauſe they want it)
By a pert Fellow and his Bullies,
Of which his Priſon ever full is.
Impartial People think it hard
That Men confin'd ſhould be debarr'd,
By ſuch ingraſted Rogues as he
In ev'ry Turn of Villainy,
From what the Government allows
The wretched Lodgers of that Houſe.
For ever curſed be that Poſt
Which makes him triumph thus and boaſt!

Another Reaſon why I ſhew
The Picture of our *Newgate* Beau,
And how they're play'd the Devil with
Who ever go to lodge with *S*——;
Is that my common Reader ſhou'd
Endeavour hence to follow Good;
That this may in ſome Meaſure ſtrike
A Dread on Robbers and the like,
On Whores, Rogues, Thieves and all ſuch Fellows
As may be train'd up for the Gallows.

Go on, my Muſe, but this obſerve
Not in the leaſt from Truth to ſwerve,
Com — ſtrip the Villain of his Cloak
And give the Rap a cutting Stroak,
Expoſe his cheating, ſhuffling Tricks,
And all his *Newgate* Pomps.
But here I beg my Reader's Leave
The Progreſs of my Tale to wave,
And one Digreſſion firſt to make
Purely for Regulation ſake.

When

When I the *Black-Dog* Humours writ,
Tom and his Wife approv'd of it
But when the second Part came out,
Good lack! how both did storm and pout!
Enrag'd and with Resentment keen
She took the Vapours — Cholic — Spleen —
And kept her Bed eleven Days
With few Returns of mental Ease;
Till Doctor F—— reviv'd her Heart
With his Apothecary's Art:
For this I greatly her applaud;
She seldom since appear'd abroad.
But, as for *Tom*, he quit the Town,
Pretending Buf'ness of the Crown.
First to the *North* a Tour he made;
To *Connaught* then a visit paid,
And so became a Country Rover
Until the Hurry would be over:
But, when his Character was sent
To ev'ry Corner where he went,
Much like the King of *France* his Men,
He stole a March to Town again:
Where now he strolls from House to House
In stupid Dodge and hardly knows
What Thing to do or where to go
(His own Companions tell me so);
But fixes all his vitious Tumours
Against the Author of the Humours.

All that my Muse has here expreſt
Is but a Prelude to the reſt.
My Reader will, as ſhe proceeds,
Be pleas'd, I hope, with what he reads.

Tom

Tom in the Suds :

OR,

The Humours of NEWGATE.

CANTO the Second;

CONTAINING,

1st. *The* PREAMBLE.
2d. *A general Description of the Prisoners and their Behaviour.*
3d. *A short history of the Fact for which* H——s *and his Wife were sent to Newgate.*
4th. *The usage poor Prisoners always meet with on their first Entrance.*
5th. *The Policy of* Tom *when* H——s *was turn'd out, Anno* 29.
6th. *The management of* Peg *with her Drawer, and his craft in outwitting her;*

AND,

7th. *The winding up of the second* PART.

DRead not, my *Muse*, the *Task* pursue,
Set * Castle-Connor in our view;
And, tho' 'tis far below thy Verse
So mean a Story to rehearse,

* *The Blackguard term for Newgate: By others it is call'd Castle Kag.*

Yet,

Yet, since you find that all the Town
Impatient is to have it done,
Describe the Mangy, Frowzy Crew,
The Master and the Mistress too;
Their * *Panders, Sharpers, Deputies,*
Bums, Catch-poles and *Accomplices;*
Their *demi-semi honest Hands*
And how with them their Interest stands.
Be sure bring cock'd-nos'd † *Terence* in
(The greatest Sharper that has been
For many *Ages past*) who told
Razors upon the Bridge ——— I'm told;
A ‡ *Buffer* too in all the Places
Where *Kevin-hail* e'er shew their *Faces.*

'Tis known by all in Newgate lives
A Nest of *Pickpockets* and *Thieves,*
Of ignominious Reputation,
The Skum and Nuisance of the Nation.
Hence we may learn how honest he,
Who made such interest to be
The Keeper of that curst Place,
(*The Treasury of all Disgrace!*)
Which holds a pack of *Whores* and *Thieves*
Where ev'ry murderous Practice lives.
Fleas, Lice and *Famine* there preside
With fifty greater *Plagues* beside,
And Vermin of each other kind
A dwelling fit in Newgate find:
All that is wicked, base and mean,
Rude, filthy, vulgar or obscene
By *Newgate birds* is always lov'd,
Is there encourag'd ——— *there* improv'd.
Hence first came up that black-guard Cant—
Is it the Bucket that you want?

---

* *A certain kind of coaxing Sharpers, that haunt all strumming Houses.*

* Tudoch M———ghl———n, *a Bum Bailiff in* High-Street, *Tom's great Crony.*

† *A Boxer or Fighter at Club-Law.*

(On

(On which some Dunce a Ballad wrote,
T'affront a Gentleman of Note)
And many other scraps of Wit,
Which are as scurvy ev'ry bit.
"*Starving alive's* their dismal Cry.
"*Help us, good Christians, else we die;*
Another cries out—— "*Damn you, blood,*
"*What shall we Prisoners do for food?*
"*Give us when we so press and dun you*
"*Or else we'll blow our Lice upon you.*
To see their tatter'd, stinking cloaths,
To hear their curses, dreadful oaths;
Their filthy talk and imprecations,
Of all their Vice the lewd relations;
Their slobbering, ragged *Bastards* bawling,
While thousands on their Heads are crawling;
The Women scolding, sinking, damning,
The *Buffers* jeering, jibing, bamming,
Each corner filling with the sound,
Of Whore and Thief and Blood and Wounds;
The rattling of their Chains and Bolts,
How one against the other tolls;
I say, these things to hear and see
Committed in the worst degree,
Would make a Man upon them reflect,
Think for the Devil they were keeping;
And that the **Landlord** of the Crew
Must be at least a Devil too.

Sometimes a better Man than I
May under such *Misfortunes* lye,
And for some capital Offence,
(For none are free from *Accidents*)
To be confin'd within the *Doors*
With *Robbers, Cut-purses* and *Whores*:
But then, if *Tom* will give 'em leave,
They different *Apartments* have,
Where he can use 'em well or ill,
Just as they answer Madam's Bill.
Ev'n *H*——*s* (that notorious Rogue!)
With *Tom* was still in mighty vogue;

Who

Who lately with his ſmirking Wife
Was brought to trial for his Life.

The ſtory goes that Madam * Prue
Kept ſome *Gallants* and not a few;
With one of whom the Jade was found
Obſcenely lying on the Ground:
She, full of *fears* of being blown,
Or made a talk about the Town,
Began to plot and lay her *Schemes*,
And thus her wicked purpoſe *frames*.

My Reputation is at ſtake———,
My ev'ry Senſe muſt now awake
To aid me with Invention ſtrong,
Or elſe I'm ruin'd and undone:
If H———s *hears how I was watch'd,*
How by † Fitzpatrick *I was catch'd*
In private with young Mr. ———
I vow to God I'd rather die Sir:
Tho' all the Folks in Dublin *know*
That we are Cuckolds in a Row.
What then?——— *Before I'll have it told,*
I'll manage cunning ——, *manage bold.*
I'll have my Story thus contriv'd
That he who ſaw me has conniv'd
Againſt my Huſband to undo him,
And then with quarrels I'll purſue him;
In one of which (I'll have it ſo)
We'll kill him with a random blow:

This being made her ſpecial care,
'Tis plain the Man was murther'd there.
But yet I t'other Morning hear'd
Both ſtood their trial and were *clear'd.*

* *The Wife of* H———s. *Tho' this digreſſion is foreign to my Subject: yet, as it diverſifies the Narrative, I hope, it will amuſe my Readers.*

† *The Perſon's name that was kill'd in* H———s's *houſe, who was a Gunſmith.*

When

When Priſ'ners get within the Door,
'Tis firſt enquir'd *if they be poor*:
Then ſtraight the *Conſtables* are call'd
And all th' Adventure overhaul'd:
But, let what will be done or ſaid,
The Penny-Lot is always paid.
The Hangman firſt invites his brother,
And then the *Keepers* one another:
Daniel * muſt alſo have his Spouſe
To drink and help away the Booze;
And ev'ry Raggamuffin there
Muſt know the relith of the Beer:
Nor do the Newgate *Doxies* fail
To guzzle drams and health of Ale.
But, when the Reckning's to be paid,
'Tis then the dreadful Roar is made.
" *All* ——— with one voice the *Rabble cries*
" *Upon the neweſt Comer lyes.*
" *Come, Drawer, ſtrip the Rap at once,*
" *Don't let the Fellow build a ſconce.*
" *When we came here, for want of Chink,*
" *We pawn'd our very Shirts for Drink:*
" Peg † Kearny *has them ſtill you know;*
" *We all at firſt are mawg'd ſo.*

With fruitleſs rage the Priſ'ner *burns*
And watches *Daniel's* ſlipp'ry *Turns*;
Obſerves his hanging, *gallows* brow
And finds himſelf in Newgate now.
Then with an air of inſolence
Says *Dan*— " *You muſt with it diſpence.*
He firſt the Hat and Wig *takes off*,
Then ſhortly *ſtrips* him to *his* buff:
So, not afraid of Wind or Weather,
All naked lye and pig together.

* *The head Drawer.*

† *Old* Kate Kearny's *Siſter, ſentenc'd to perpetual impriſonment, who lent money upon pawns in Newgate* ——— *ſhe lately died there and left her Son ſeveral hundred pounds.*

This

This Drawer that in Newgate lives,
Whose name they (say is) *D*——*l R*——*s*,
To *H*——*s* once a Turnkey was;
(That great Transgressor of the *Laws*!)
Who, when his Master once *abus'd* him,
Before a *Committee* accus'd him;
And prov'd him guilty of the *facts*
That *S*—— himself *this Day* transacts.
He charg'd him with *corruptions* base;
And so poor *H*——*s* lost his Place:
On *this* th' informing double Dealer
Hop'd to be made himself the Jailer.
But *Tom*, with craft and cunning fill'd
And infinitely better Skill'd
Than *Daniel* could pretend to be
In all the *Quirks* of Knavery,
Outwitted *Daniel* to his Face
And slipt himself into the Place.
At *this*, tho' *Daniel* was offended,
Yet, when he found he could not mend it,
Glad of *bad luck* to make the most,
He rested in his former Post.
Dan upon this with *Tom* Engages
For forty Crowns *per Annum* wages:
But, tho' the Bargain thus was made,
Tom never yet a penny paid.

As * Madam has the Management
Of all the Liquors and the Rent,
She likewise has of all the Ale
That ever comes within the Jail.
For ev'ry Barrel *Dan* receives
He eight and Twenty shillings gives:
For ev'ry Barrel that he *lets*
He five and thirty Shillings gets.

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* *Who but* Peggy! —— *so call'd by her Underlings, Watchmen and Constables by her own orders, on peril of incurring her high Displeasure.*

How

Ho .. . one-ey'd * *Spanker* live
If he love a Pint wou'd give
For two pence: ——— and, unleſs he cheated,
Both nick'd and froth'd and falſly dated,
What would reward him for his toil,
Or how would it be worth his while?
For ev'ry Gallon Madam ſells
(As *Dan* himſelf the Story tells)
Of *Rum* or *Brandy*, *Daniel* gives her
Eight ſhillings: ——— yet he *thus deceives her.*
For ev'ry Gallon by his Spouſe
Are brought two from the Sugar-houſe;
Which, mixt together, I am told,
Is ſtill for *thirty ſhillings* ſold.
Theſe *tricks* though *Daniel* oft repeats
And thus his cheating Miſtreſs cheats,
His honeſty is ne'er the lighter;
Since 'tis no more than bite the Biter.

Of *Tom* though I've ſo little ſaid,
My *Reader* need not be afraid,
But in the Sequel he ſhall have
A full deſcription of the Knave;
None ſhall, I will him ſo diſect,
But *Bums* and *Devils* him Reſpect.
I fully am Reſolv'd to do it:
I've all things ready to purſue it;
My *Pencils* clean, my *Colours* mixt
To draw *his Fidure* in my next.

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* *The Deputy Drawer Mr.*— M——ll——n, *blind of an Eye, favour'd with the Nick Name of* Spanker.

[*To be Continu'd.*]

Advertiſement.

THE Public ſhould have been troubled with a Continuation of this Paper in purſuance of promiſe, had not my former Printer been drawn off from either putting the Copy to the Preſs, or returning it to me for ſeveral Months; but now having engag'd with another Printer, I promiſe the Public they ſhall meet with no further Diſappointments from their humble Servant,

The Author.

Tom in the Suds:

O R

The Humours of NEWGATE.

CANTO the Third;

CONTAINING,

1st. *A Sketch of* Tom's *extraction.*
2d, *A description of his appearance, and the Observations of the Publick upon it.*
3d, *A Demonstration of his being a* Vice-Roy *of the* DEVIL.
4th *Reasons for his being Qualified for his present Office.*
5th, *A hint to* PEGGY.
6th, *An account of what became of* Tom's *Son & Heir.*
7th. Tom's *Connivance with Watchmen and Constables*
8th, *His Management of Whores*
9th, *A Particular account of his exorbitant Fees.*
10th. Tom's *Equivocation about them*
11th, *An account of* Pick-Pockets *being let out of* New-Gate *at Night.*
12th, *The winding up of the Third Part.*

TOM is a Fellow to be ſure
In Carriage bluff, in Spirit poor;
Obſcurely born and meanly bred,
If we can credit what is ſaid;
Deſcended from I know not what,
And in a Fit of Nature got;
But, coming from ſome ſpurious Brood,
Has ſhar'd their Vice as well as Blood:
Who by his ſervile, roguiſh Ways
Has rais'd himſelf to what he is
Nor had he any Way of riſing,
But by true Honeſty deſpiſing.

Tom dreſſes gay and thus expects
To varniſh o'er his plain Defects,
And through a ſtrange admiring Throng
With double Pride he ſtruts along.
While many who their Hats pull off,
At his imperious Carriage Laugh.
When one enquires, who mov'd his Hat,
" What Man of Fortune, pray, is that?
Another anſwers —— " You're in Jeſt, Sir —
" That Fellow's H — s his Succeſſor.
" That's he whom W — of late ſet out,
" When he the *Black Dog* Humours wrote.
" That ſame Sir Fopling you muſt know
" The *Black Dog* keeps and *Newgate* too.
" God bleſs me —— then replies a third,
" He looks as bluff as any Lord.
So with unanimous Diſdain
The Mob cries out —— " The Fellow's vain.
" Confound the Raſcals Impudence:
" Sure if he had a Dram of Senſe,
" 'Twould with Humility inſpire him;
" But, do you ſee? — (the D —— fire him)
" The ſtutt'ring Puppy how he ſhuffles,
" With his Goldheaded Cane and Ruffles,
" Tye Wigg, lac'd Hat, Silk Stockens too,

" All Cabbag'd from that wretched Crew
" Of *Murd'rers*, *Cutpurſes* and *Thieves*,
" That *Newgate* every Day receives?
Thus I a *Turky-Cock* have ſeen,
His Grandeur ſhewing on a Green,
With cock'd up Head and Thruſt up Rump
Deſpis'd for all his gaudy Pomp.

He's by his Progreſs made in Evil,
An Hieroglyphic of the Devil:
Which, though at firſt it grates the Ear,
I'll in what follows make appear.
As *Tom* by Cheating gathers Pence.
He hardens in Impenitence,
And grows, as Fees fill up his Purſe,
Inſtead of better, worſe and worſe.
His Power ſerves him join'd with Art
To cloak the Knav'ry of his Heart
Now, if a Curſe does him attend,
Who never ſtrives his Life to mend,
He ſurely muſt come next the Devil
Who takes the moſt Delight in Evil.

For *Tom*'s Place ſure none is fit,
But he endow'd with *Tom*'s Wit:
For *Tom* in all his Offices
So voluble a Villain is,
And in his Trade ſo fully taught,
No half-ſtrain'd Knave he can be thought.
His Noddle, fill'd with Inſolence,
A Dungeon is of * Ignorance:
Yet he has Craft enough to guide.
And to ſupport the Madams Pride,
Who was (as all the Butchers know) A

* *I mean with reſpect to Learning, for he can ſcarce Write his own Name.*

A Basket Girl some Years ago.
Her Breast a giddy Rashness warms,
As if begot between two Storms,
And yet her swarthy, wither'd hide,
Cram'd full of Sauciness and Pride,
With foggy sweat is made as foul
As cheating has reduc'd, her Soul.

Tom once the Prudence had because
He found his Son patch'd up of Flaws
That he imbib'd from his Relations,
To banish him to the Plantations.
'Tis well he did, or else for Hire
I'm told the Son would hang the Sire.

Another Story of him goes;
Whether it comes from Friends or Foes,
I don't imagine it my Task
(But he that pleases) may to ask.
The Story's this. 'Tis said that he
Keeps all the City Watch in Fee,
And still at *Christmas* tips a Crown
To ev'ry *Watchman* in the Town:
To *Constables* (That Herd of Thieves!)
To ev'ry One a *Moydore* gives;
And at the same Time ev'ry Man
From Madam gets a cordial Dram.
Thus *Tom* and cunning *Peggy* bribe
That Lurking, Mobbing, cursed Tribe.
Be't farther to my Reader known
That ev'ry Parish in the Town,
Except St. *Mary*'s, (from whose *Watch*
They never one in *Newgate* catch)
Employs *per* Year for petty Sums
Sub *Constables* and *Demi-Bums*.
Of all our Rogues and Villains those,
Upon the City most impose:
For ev'y one those Fellows meet,

Tho'

Tho' e'er so quiet in the Street,
Is first Affronted then knocked down
(If it be after Twelve or One)
And straight conducted to the *Watch*.
Whose Villanies the others match.
Thence they're to *Newgate* hoist'd away
For giving no Offence —— to pay;
And this because the *Watchmen* know
What pleases *Tom* and *Peggy* too.
Such Tricks the Citizens deceive,
But thus the *Watch* and *Bums* behave.

The second Rate of common Whores
Who seldom venture out of Doors
Are all afraid of *Tom*; but those
Who go to dirty, common shews
A Tribute pay (and think it due)
To *Tom*, the Watch and Bullies too.
However, when their *Teasters* fail
And † Cole runs low, they trot to Jail.
Sometimes by Dozens in they go
And are detain'd a Day or two,
In *Newgate* some and some ¶ next Door
When *Peter's* * of the Reck'ning sure;
Untill the Whisper goes about,
Their Cloaths are pledg'd, their Cash is out.
The *Black Dog* Draw'r they Damn and Curse.
But there the Drawer trears 'em worse
He Nicks and Froth and doubly Cheats 'em;
He Kicks and Cuffs and often beats 'em;
He calls 'em many a Bitch and Whore.
And leaves their Sides and Shoulders sore.
'Twould

† *The Blackguard Term for Money.* ¶ *The Blackdog.* * *The Drawers Name at the Blackdog.*

'Twould make indifferent Perſons laugh
To ſee thoſe lodg'd upon the Staff †
For no Offence oblig'd to ſtay
And to Drink hard a Night and Day;
Who after all are very willing
To be turn'd out and pay a Shilling:
And often Six or ſeven more
To *Daniel* for his double Score.

'Tis order'd by the *Newgate* Cullies,
The Drawer and hard Drinking Bullies
That twelve Pence Penny Pot is d..e
And ſix Pence to the Turnkey too.
It often haps to *Dan*'s Delight,
Thirty Staff Priſ'ners of a Night
Are lodg'd: by *Bums* and *Watchmen* caught
Covies of *Whores* and *Rogues* are brought:
But then they moſtly are detected
When *Chriſtmaſs* Boxes are expected.
Tom makes by this, as many ſwear:
Above two hundred Pounds a Year.

Whoever, on a Warrant lodg'd,
Before *Committal* is diſcharg'd,
If he in Jail but turns about,
Pays Six and eight Pence going out.

And every Perſon there committed,
If after Trial he's acquitted,
To *Daniel* ſtill is forc'd to pay
Ten Shillings for a Diſcharge Fee.

Again. Whoever leaves the Jail
Whether diſcharged or on Bail
Gives

† *Priſoners taken by the Watch or Conſtables, without any Warrant or Committal.*

Gives ſix and eight Pence (wrong or right,
This be'ng the Maſter's perquiſite)
And likewiſe when diſcharg'd muſt pay
Ten Shillings more the common Fee,

ALL thoſe and many other Fees
Dan ev'ry *Monday* Morning pays
To *Tom* his Maſter through the Year,
Which *Dan* proteſts he'll make appear.

I'M thus particular becauſe
Such *Fees* are all againſt the Laws:
Yet who can ſay *Tom* does amiſs?
Obſerve his Policy in this:
'Tis *Dan* —— not he —— thoſe Fees receives
Tho' *Dan* all to his Maſter gives.
For this he *Daniel* keeps in awe
And skulks himſelf behind the Law.
A fine come off! —— He's known to ſay,
That he can any one defie
To charge him with receiving Fees
In any Manner or Degrees,
Could murd'ring H——s, ſoothing S——s
Or one of *Newgate* old Commanders
Invent a nicer Method to
Deceive the Devil and his Crew?
But, *Tom* know this, that the Receiver
Is equal to the thieving giver.

Of H——s (ſcarce to one unknown)
The Story runs through all the Town,
At Night he'd let the *Felons* go
(Upon Parole of Honour too)
To ſtrip, to plunder and knock down
At ev'ry Corner of the Town.
If by Purſuers cloſe attackt,
Or apprehended in the Fact,

Quite

Quite unconcern'd with free Conſent
To *Newgate* back again they went:
And to the Governor ſtill brought
Whatever Prize that Night they got,
His Share of what thoſe Fellows ſtole,
Was half at leaſt —— if not the whole:
But *Tom* reported is to be
Much more Encouraging than he.
Thus he ſalutes them with an Air.
A ſly grimace and Viſage queer,
" Come, Sirs, ye ſhall not be oppreſt,
" Give me the Thirds and drink the Reſt:
And ſo with his ſerpentine Wiles
The undiſcerning Mob beguiles,
If he were ask'd how much they clear
By all their Plunder through the Year
Or how much Booty he gets by it.
I wonder if he would deny it.

I'm now, this half Sheet being out,
Preparing for another Bout
I will th' ungrateful Subject ſpin
As freſh Intelligence comes in.
Next Week you may expect to get it:
Till then, your Servant, I'm indebted.

Num.

Tom in the Suds:

OR

The Humours of NEWGATE.

CANTO the Fourth

CONTAINING:

1ſt. *A Deſcription of the ſeveral Appartments in the Houſe and their different Rents.*

2d. *The uſe that ſome Rooms are put to.*

3d *A ſhort account of* Peg Kearney.

4th. *A hint of* Thady Fay; *and* Tom's *behaviour on his being Convicted.*

5th. Tom's *Houſe in* James's Street *and a faint at the Widow.*

6th. *A hint to the* Lord-Mayor *and* Recorder; *and laſtly, an Addreſs to the Honourable Houſe of* Commons.

WHORES, Cutpurſes and Men of Faſhion
Of ev'ry Quality and Station;
Some for Aſſaults and ſome for Treaſon,
For Murder ſome, ſome for no Reaſon,

Muſt all lye in one common Jail,
In bribing *Daniel* if they fail.
Dan, you muſt know, a Kennel has
Which heretofore a Kitchen was;
It holds three Settlebeds:—— for this
Three Crowns a week they never miſs.
Here noted * Mrs. *Ecelin* ſits
Beſide her Siſter *Jady Pits*;
And (which will no one much ſurprize)
They both are Pox'd up to the Eyes.

Dan has another little Sty
In which Three may together lye;
No matter whether Girls or Boys,
For both the Sexes have their Choice
To lye together there in Caſe
They give *Dan* half a Crown apiece.

One Room, where Priſoners ſhould be laid.
A Pigeon Houſe was lately made.
Some Rooms are empty, ſome are full
Of Lumber by Street Robers ſtole.
Another Room the † Spanker locks
Upon his Chickens, Hens and Cocks
Which he from Th —— n Stolen hath,
Lord *S* —— *y* and the Earl of *M* ——.
This Fellow and *Peg K* —— *ys* Son,
Who's call'd (I think) *J* —— *s G* —— *n*,
The greateſt Thieves and Painters are
Of Cocks that are known any where.
As Maſters of the thieving Trade
Both Conſtables were lately made,

* *A noted Bawdy-Houſe Keeper.*

† *Deſcribed in the Notes belonging to the 284th line.*

And in their Villainy may mend
Since both at *Newgate* muſt attend.

The Cellar Window oft receives
Run Goods and Prog from ſtrolling Thieves:
But *Dan* has Still a watchful Eye
On *Tom M—— ll* § the Maſters Spy;
Who tells him all that's done and ſaid
From Day-break till they go to Bed.

Peg ‖ *Kearney*, that notorious Thief
Who ended there one Heliſh Life,
Who guilty was of ev'ry Crime
That could be nam'd in Proſe or Rhyme;
A mighty Fav'rite was of *Tom's*,
Of *Dan* the Draw'r and *Newgate* Bums;
Becauſe, whenever Priſ'ners came
Peg thought it neither Sin nor Shame
To ſtrip and make 'em limm their Duds,
Hats, *Wigs*, *Veſts*, *Petticoats* and *Hoods*;
No matter what if worth the Cole,
No matter if they all were Stole:
But then ſhe made 'em, as they ſay,
For ev'ry Shilling three Pence pay.
Thus Penny-pots were always paid
Where'er a Penny could be made.
But great is *Daniel's* loſs of *Ned*,
His Son-in-law who's likewiſe Dead.

He

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§ *A Priſoner who lies under Sentence of three Years Confinement, and* 100 *l. Fine; one of which Years he has ſtill to ſerve and his Fine to pay, Notwithſtanding this he is made Turnkey, as if it were in ſpite of the Commiſſioners; and has Liberty to go wherever he pleaſes: Which is a moſt unwarrantable preſumption in the Goaler, and an encouragement to all Smuglers and Runners of Goods.*

‖ *Pawn-Broker in Newgate, where ſhe lately died. See line* 245

26

He always gave his shirking Mind
Mr To make a Penny of this kind;
In And was so long familiar grown
I With all the Whores and Rogues in Town.

Of that sad Room where Prisoners lye
Who under Sentence are to die
Some what in this place should be said,
But once condemn'd I think 'em dead:
And first of such 'tis understood
Whatever's said is Fable good;
Or else the Tricks of * *Thady Fay*
The *Muse* a little might employ.

When first to *Tom* the sad Report
Of *Thady*'s Fate arriv'd from Court.
He, though in *Flannens* for the *Gout*,
Bounc'd up in Rage and danc'd about,
This was his melancholly Cry——
"And is poor *Thady* then to die?
"My old Companion, trusty Friend!
"Is this to be my Com'rades End?
"Ah! once 'twas little thought that I
"Should ever see poor *Thady* die:
"But 'tis, although he first be cast,
"The Way my self must go at last.
"This Loss I must the better bear
"Because I'm sure to be his Heir.
"Yet, since we were so well acquainted,
"For fear my Credit should be tainted,
"I must get *Thady* to deny, Sir,
"The Murders that he is die for.
"I'll with a *last Speech* him befriend

* *one of the Earl of* Meath's *Liberty-Boys, Captain of the Ruffers, who was hang'd and quarter'd in* High-Street *on the* 12th *of* November 1737.

" Which for my self I did intend.
" To me He'll at the Gallow's give it
" To make the Multitude believe it;
" VVhich in the Name of *Thady Fay*
" Shall publickly be given † *Hey*.
But now, to make my Story short,
By this Time *Thady* left the Court:
Tom, when he heard him at the Door,
Fell in a Swoon upon the Floor.

When *Tom* his new Apartments sets,
A Guinea for some Rooms he gets.
Three Pounds for others by the Week
Madam with Confidence does seek.
As for his House in *James*'s Street,
Where all his drinking Cronies meet
To spunge upon his Lodgers there,
Who drink no Drams or humble Beer,
And where they very seldom Dine
Without a Bottle each of Wine.
He there one Room *per Annum* sets
For fifty Pounds and fifty Treats,
There I am told some Youngsters spark it
With the young Widow in the Market ——
Her with the swinging Foot and Leg,
Who still a Com'rade is to *Peg*.
Suppose my *Muse* a while shou'd wand'r on
The Character of VVidow ——
'Tis like some other VVidow wou'd
Dread that herself is understood;
And so, perhaps I might offend
Some pretty VVidow that's my Friend:
I'll therefore not say much about her,
But *Peg* can never be without her.

† Stationer *and* Book-Seller *in* Skinner Row.

VVhat e'er they do, where e'er they go
They one another's Secrets know:
Some new Intrigue they're ſtill a brewing
And get their Share of all that's going.
Tom keeps his Chaiſe, his Pad and ——
As *H* —— ? did in Days of *Yore.*
Peg ſwears in Cogg with *Tom* ſhe's even
Though he by her may get to Heaven:
But yet contented *Tom* is ſure,
Although his Spouſe may play the ——,
That ſhe can manage it ſo well,
The Matter ſhe will ne'er reveal.

By what Iv'e ſaid I fondly wou'd
Make *Tom* mechanically good:
But, when in Court 'tis made appear
To the *Recorder* and *Lord Mayor*,
That *Tom*, whom they ſo long have truſted,
Is thus unmercifully roaſted,
Sure they will make a ſtrict Enquiry
Into his Fees, his Books and Di'ry;
And if they find h' has done amiſs
And that he is not wrong'd in this,
It is but Reaſon to expect,
A juſter *Jailor* they'll elect.
So here in all his *New Gate* Duds
I leave poor *Tomy* in the Suds;
And now prepare a mild Addreſs
Such helliſh Vermin to ſuppreſs

AN ADDRESS TO The Honourable Houſe of Commons

NOT writing in a common Sphere,
I place my Dedication here;
And to your Honours humbly leave,
The Management of ev'ry Knave
By whom the Publick is abus'd,
That your Seſſion he's accus'd.
I recommend it to your Care
To canvas ſtrictly this Affair:
Then, as in *Anno* * Twenty nine,
This little Tale, perhaps, of mine
May on the *Committe* prevail
To regulate that common Jail,
Where Perſons of all Qualities,
All Characters and all Degrees
Some Time or other may be ſent
By Prejudice or Accident.
To *Tom* I bear no Enmity;
He never yet could injure me;
But then I have a great Averſion
To Men of infamous Aſperſion,
And moſt eſpecially unto
That treach'rous and deſigning Crew,
Of *Catchpoles*, *Bailiffs*, *Bums* and *Setters*,
(The Plague of all inſolvent Debtors.
That *Poiſon* of *Pandora*'s Box,
Whoſe very Sound my Nature Shocks)
But as for *Jailors*, ſure they're found,
The greateſt Villains above Ground,

* *In that Year* Hawkins *was turn'd out by the* Committee *of the Houſe of Commons.*

The moſt oppreſſive cruel Fellows,
That ever yet eſcap'd the Gallows,
(Yet I have ſome Examples ſeen
Of *Jailors* Carting to the Green †)
Letters I've frequently receiv'd
Shewing how Gentlemen are griev'd
In *Wicklow* Jail, ——— of all the Reſt
Confounded bad's the very beſt.
May't pleaſe your Honours, did ye know
What Miſeries they undergo
Who in a Priſon are confin'd,
Unleſs their Fobs are richly lin'd:
'Twould Influence Commiſeration
Here to redreſs an injur'd Nation.
To ſee ſome Gentlemen dragg'd forth,
(And often Gentlemen of worth)
Affronted, buffetted and maul'd,
Struck, bolted, handcuff'd, rudely hawl'd
From Rooms into the common Jail,
And all becauſe their *Guineas* fail,
'Twould ſure incline your Honours to
Examine well th' oppreſſive Crew;
And ſtir up all the Patriot's Zeal
In regulating ev'ry Jail.
At preſent I've no more to ſay ———
God bleſs the King and grant ye may,

† *The Goaler of* Armagh *was hang'd for Murder; he of* Marysborrough *for Theft. Enquire about* Waxford *Goaler* Hawkens *has had two very narrow Eſcapes.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

SPeedily will be reprinted the Humours of the *Black Dog* firſt and Second Part. The Humours of the Gentlemans Priſon will likewiſe ſpeedily be publiſh'd. All will be ſold for the Benefit of the Author in *Chriſt-Church Yard* at the *Croſs Keys*, oppoſite to the *Cock* in *Warbrough-Street* at the new Eating Houſe, and at the *Back Door* of the *Four Courts*.